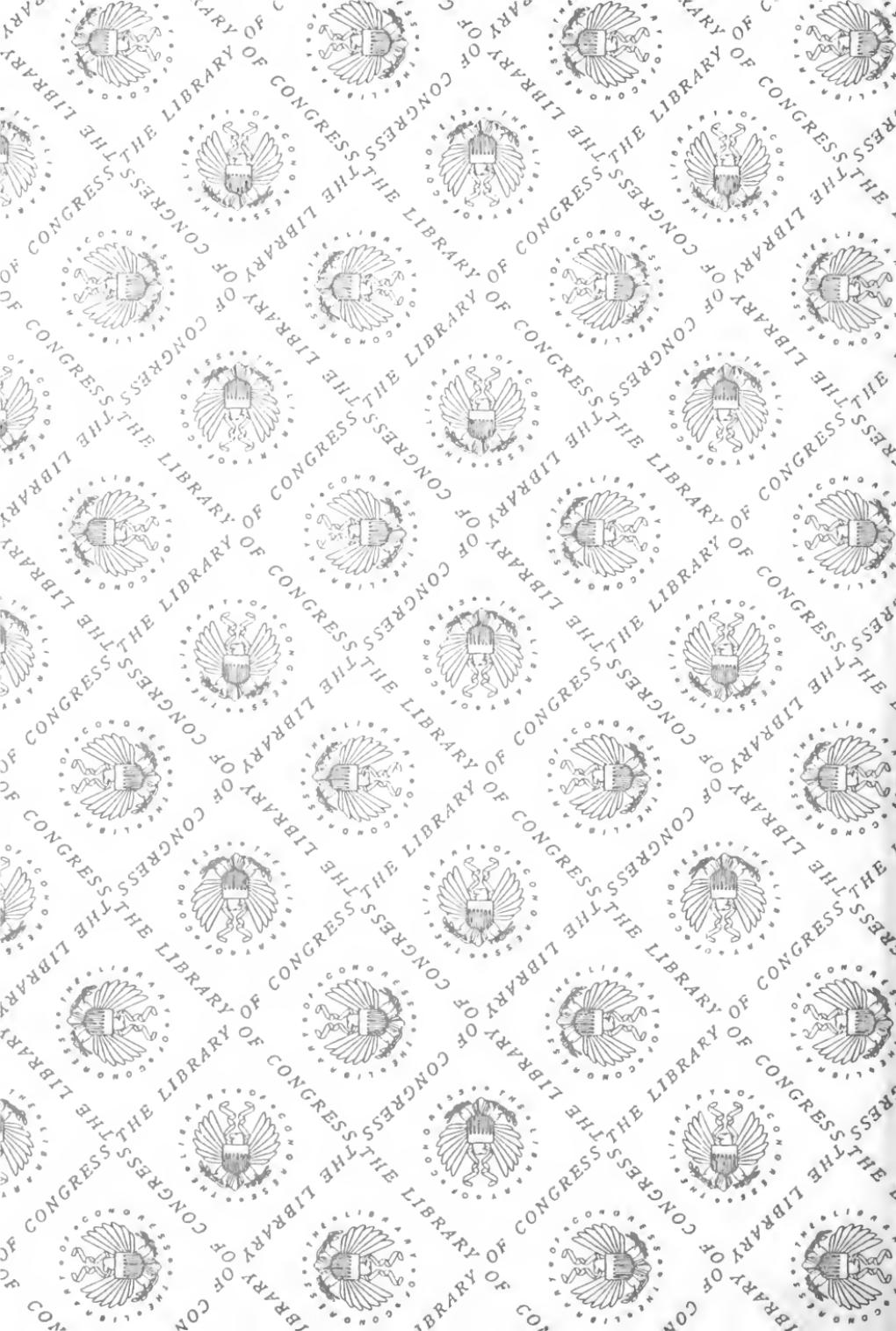
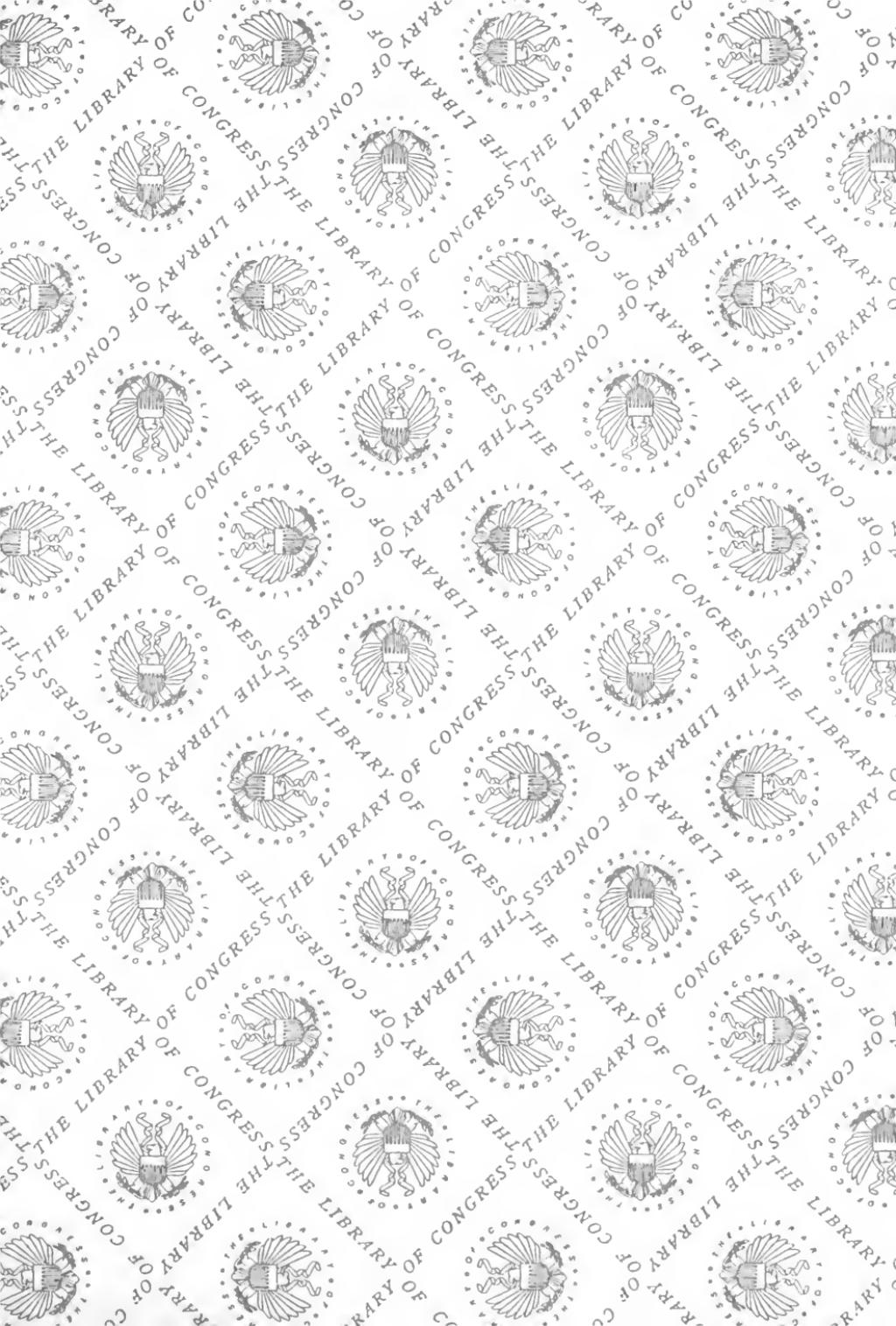


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MANTEL ENG MIL

John Wesley,

JOHN NAGLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

*"Nature offers all her creatures to him
as a picture language."* **Emerson.**



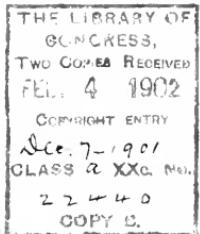
Compiled by
Sydney T. Pratt.

"It is long ere we discover how rich we are." **Emerson.**

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN.

1901.

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his volume is affectionately dedicated
to William Henry Earles, M. D., in
recognition of his worth in his chosen
profession, and in the spheres of
manhood, action, intellect and friend-
ship. Few men appreciate to a greater ex-
tent, the elegance, depth and beauty of the
philosophy of the late John Nagle than does
Dr. Earles, and no man appreciates the doc-
tor's high professional honor and skill, his
kindly heart, entertaining wit, aggressive
achievements, and modesty more than does
the undersigned to whom his unfailing
friendship made this volume possible.

Sydney T. Pratt.

FOREWORD.

Sec. Mer.—How is this man esteemed here in the city?

Angelo—Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Shakespeare.

Such was John Nagle. A succinct analysis of his character and, withal, a keen insight into the motives guiding him are found in the words of one who knew him intimately:

"It might be difficult to say what was included in Mr. Nagle's conception of character. It would not be difficult to indicate some things that certainly were not included in it. His standard rejected absolutely the man who needlessly wounded the feelings of a child; the man who allowed himself to use indelicate language in the presence of boy, or girl, or woman; the man who shirked duty or responsibility because to meet it might cause him inconvenience or loss, or subject him to danger; the man who betrayed a trust, a friend, or a woman; the man who denied an obligation which rested solely in parole, and to which there was

no witness but himself and the person who demanded performance; the man whose word was not his bond in any matter whatever in which it was pledged; the man who extended his hand when you were prosperous, and, who looked the other way when he passed by in your day of adversity. * * *

"When measured by these tests which, he, himself applied to others, or, by any test that may reasonably be applied, it is fondly and confidently believed, by those who knew him and loved him and mourn him and will hold him in remembrance while life lasts, that, in his own phrase and in its broadest and fullest meaning, John Nagle was a man of character."

John Nagle early in life evinced a love of literature, making good books his life-long companions. History, philosophy, science, and poetry had equal fascination for him and each contributed its moiety to his expanding intellectual vision. Men and women about him afforded him opportunity for observing character, which he quickly seized, and the columns of the old Pilot tell the story of his masterful analysis of human motive. The plummet of his reasoning sank deep into the souls of men, giving him guage of impulse and action. Below the surface he discovered the passions that sway and the virtues that restrain. His was the School of Life in which he studied until the twilight

came. Then, when the horizon darkened, he closed his eyes upon a useful career, and fell into a peaceful slumber from out of which no sound of time or place shall wake him.

Mr. Nagle wrote to make life purer and sweeter. He understood the besetting traps laid to snare the young from paths of rectitude, hence, in no uncertain language did he show his solicitude for them. The impress of his personality, example, and writings is evident.

Testimony is frequent: "I consulted Nagle and am the beneficiary of his counsel." The youth sought his advice and profited by it. The reason Mr. Nagle attained wide influence is found in the application of his own philosophy to his own life. He was a man of strong convictions, and his opposition to social sham and veneer was implacable.

As a writer beauty characterized his diction. His power of expression was not surpassed by writers whose names adorn the Temple of Fame. The loom of his subtle intellect spun sentences which, for grace and lucidity, are English models. Language was an art with him; he knew words, their force and tenderness, and could call them to his service at will. He joined in indissoluble union, poetic expression and profound thought, bringing about this literary marriage by rigorous adherence to his native tongue, pure Anglo-Saxon. His unvarying rule in writing was the use of simple idioms; no straining after effect is anywhere

noticeable, and this fact constitutes his first charm. His sentences flow as easily as a rivulet, one following the other in sequence until the end is reached, then it would be defacement to add or take a word away.

The purpose of this volume is to preserve the literary gems which had their origin and form in the mind of Mr. Nagle. His personality brought him into an unique relationship with the community where his active life was spent and the Compiler believes, that, in thus collating some of the best specimens of his writing, the excerpts will be read and reread by those who knew John Nagle, with kindly remembrance of the man who caused the genial rays of a sunny and optimistic mind to brighten, for many years, their hours of relaxation, when his paper brought to them the doings of restless life. He gave to his readers, however, more than contemporary news, the mere gossip of the drawing room; he gave them an uplifting philosophy, as noble in conception as it was exquisite in its developement. "Make man happy," he wrote, "and his life is a paean of praise. And what is the source of happiness? Judicious enjoyment of the things that are." Let this principle be universal and you solve the vexatious and ever recurring asperities engendered by the unequal distribution of wealth and social position.

His philosophy would make men happy whatever their situation, yet he was not indifferent to material and intellec-

tual progress. He knew, however, that sinister jealousies, aroused by envy, retard advancement, invite gloom, and end in retrogression, and he would obviate such catastrophe, in individual or collective life, by living in the light.

In the pages which follow no word of politics is found. The scheme of the book is to reveal that, in Manitowoc, a master of English phraseology, a poet of no mean order, and a philosopher once moved among the people. The pulse of genius throbbed within his brain, and the seed of his reflections has been sown with prodigality, bearing fruitage in many lives here and elsewhere.

And, now, in yielding the succeeding pages to a more gracious pen the Compiler wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the man who gave felicitous expression to lofty ideals. It is inexpressibly delightful to be brought into touch with a mind so free from dissimulation, intellectual trickery and ambiguity, and in this inadequate way to perpetuate his memory.

THE COMPILER.



CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

The holiday season comes when Mother Earth has least warmth in her heart for us, when the winds have lost their voluptuous softness, and heaven's blue its tender depths. The early frosts, that mellowed Nature's loveliness ere destroying it, have deepened in intensity, and clutch with chilling grasp where before they touched with gentlest though blighting caress. The clouds sweep on wings of chilling blasts with sinister motion, while the Alpine piles on the horizon seem like mausoleums of vanished summer. Nature has ceased to smile, and we must turn to the heart of

friendship for the warmth which the soul covets and which gives buoyancy and hope to life.

It is winter in the heart which knows not love. Selfishness is a misery at this season when to live within oneself is to bar out the spirit of good will whose fruitage is the Christmas gift. Those dest fingers which have fashioned the offerings of affection for some loved one have been the active agent of a kind heart centered on a benevolent purpose. That gift is a visible token of regard; pure, unselfish, holy; typifying the divine precept: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Evil cannot be joint tenant in the mind that harbors generous thoughts. Regardless of our belief or disbelief in the divinity of the Child whose first draught of life was poverty, as deep as his sympathy for the sorrows of the children of man, that birth has been the beacon light of charity. The Star of Bethlehem which guided

the Chaldean shepherds may no longer direct the faithful to the true God; but the fitful gleam of benevolence shines out with steady light at this time and leads to a higher plane of humanity--a realization of the favored Utopia. Man, seek not thy brother by the light of creed when good will has made all the world kin. The symphony of love through the lips of laughter and the voice of kindly greeting; the prayer of gratitude which speaks through the kindling eye and the warm hand clasp have no formulæ of words to provoke contention.



A COUNTRY BOY.

A country boy is happy in his deprivations when Nature is at her best, because then his soul can lave unstinted in her beauties, and his whole being become photographed with her charms,--sympathetic with her moods. The song of the bobolink has in it for him more than the pleasure of melody. It quickens the imagination, and awakens every slumbering susceptibility of youth. The blue heaven is but a screen which hides from mortal vision the abode of the blessed, and the shimmering beams of sunlight are angels' smiles. The delicate blossoms of the wild plum rise before him as things of beauty, not as a promise of the fruitage it will be later his privilege to despoil, and the bursting buds of elms, fragilely beautiful, are trysting places for the winds and sunlight in their wooing.

AN OLD TIME PICNIC.

The picnic of the olden time has fallen into disuse. It came then at rare intervals, and left no evil in its track. It was marked by innocent jollity and a feast in the green woods. The viands might not of themselves have been tempting, but keen appetites and genial fellowship lent their aid to make of a frugal spread a rare symposium. The boys and girls were just what the words mean, and knew how to appreciate a holiday from the very rarity of the occurrence. The whole crowd could not by pooling their capital get cash enough to purchase one glass of beer. Swings were made of the masts of the basswood and these took the place of the dance of older gatherings.

The picnic now-a-days has a bar as an invariable accompaniment. Yes, and the catgut squeaks, or the brass band brays, and the feet keep time to these measured sounds.

The boys are young men, the girls, young ladies, carrying fashion's trappings to the extent of being decorously blasé. The bare legged, collarless boy is no longer an attendant upon picnics, and yet it seems as if there is getting to be a void up in that adult plane of true manhood because that bare legged boy has quit his former haunts. That bare legged little rascal has quit the country school and somehow that school has grown weak in real strength though its tinsel dress has put it more in accord with the times. The girl with coarse cloth dress and heavy shoes has gone too, and there seems to be but few recruits for the army of womanhood. That happy border land where the young life expanded into genuine adult maturity through responsibilities and habits which properly belong to that period, has been given over to the keeping of the stilted formalities of social demands.

DANCING.

Dancing is not wrong in itself. It is a form of amusement which, indulged in properly, has high value as a recreation. But it should not invade the domain of duty. When it does, it is an evil. Any form of amusement which trespasses on duty, or makes duty irksome, has reached the realm of dissipation, and is fraught with danger to the participants. When dancing is sought with such eagerness that duty receives but fugitive attention, it becomes a vice, and the more dangerous if it has parental approval. That is a test which every parent can apply and the remedy should be quick on the heels of perception.



NATURE'S LANGUAGE.

A boy who does not love the forest is a boy only in years. All of us can recall a favorite tree, a shady nook in which dreamy reflection took possession of us when the flitting and the song of birds were the movement and voice of nature. And we are better because we can recall those experiences; they are resting spots for the mind when oppressed by the shallowness of life. There is no child who has found friendship with nature, who has not, thereby, injected some purity into his life. And the fountain is ever fresh with the waters of content, when our imagination takes us back to early times when nature spoke to us in the language of the soul.



RELIGION IS LOVE.

Religion in its true sense, divorced from malignant persecution of what is deemed error, purified of intolerance, superstition, and pretense of exalted goodness, is love pure and simple. There is no promise of the future that makes it so blessed as the hope that love has an existence which extends beyond the grave. The love of friends is the purest and most exalted element of life, the essence of the soul. It is unshaken by prosperity, it is triumphant over misfortune and makes existence sweet. The mother who mourns a child can have no conception of heaven higher, purer, holier, than a place where she will meet "the loved and lost, again."

What in life is worth its survival except it be love? Hope at best is but a wish wedded to faith. But there is solace in the thought that the flower of sweetest fragrance is nour-

ished by the tears which affection sheds, and blooms "where sorrow may not enter." If this life is but a preparation for another, higher and better, then the best and purest attribute of this should be allowed entrance into that realm whose gates of pearl it has opened. Love makes heaven possible and earth pleasant. It is the great heart of the universe, whose pulsations are charity and good will; the life which is immortal, the hope that endureth.



A GIRL'S EDUCATION.

Girls have their future in their own hands. Fathers are too busy with affairs of business, and in planning for the future of their sons, to reflect that girls have a future, which includes something besides marriage or the prim acerbity of old maidenhood. Mothers have too much concern for the requirements of the present to demand anything practical in the education of their children. To dress with taste, appear well at a party, be attractive and properly religious, are the summum bonum in the early life of a girl, according to the mother's idea. But there are not a few girls whose eyes rest on the future, and who have a purpose beyond social pleasures and the delights of youthful love-making. They are not striving to cast off all feelings of responsibility, but they are acquiring strength to be able to discharge life's duties as become women. These

are the true women, the leaders of a fashion which sinks deep into the current of life and develops the womanhood which has not frivolity as its chief characteristic. The education which dignifies life with a purpose, has the elements of real beauty. Culture must reach character. A girl who has learned to sew well has given evidence of a higher conception of life's duties than one who has received a "polish" which precludes all knowledge of domestic accomplishments.



NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The old year which was ushered in with manifestations of joy, has added one more link to the cycle of time. The old, old story, "The king is dead; long live the king," will soon undergo its annual repetition. The stream of time will flow unobstructed over the imaginary border which separates the Old from the New, bearing on its surface chaplets of laurel or wreathes of cypress, jewels of hope or tears of sorrow. Ambition will seek the "chamber of the gifted boy;" Discouragement will wait upon the footsteps of the timid; Industry and Indolence will claim their votaries, and sighs and laughter will be strangely commingled in that jumble of incongruities known as life. But all those who bore the burden of sorrow, and those who trod the table land of success, will at the next recurrence of this festival, join in hailing the advent of the new year

and speeding the departure of the old. This life runs on until infinity is reached. Immensity stretches beyond the blue heavens, but Reason cannot follow Imagination beyond the precincts of this life. We are hedged in as Rasselas was in the Happy Valley and know not what lies beyond. The canker of discontent may eat into our hearts, but neither hope nor fear can pierce the mystery which circles the horizon of life. We have to do with this world and with this life; what lies beyond is but a corollary of these. Whether pinched by poverty, or blessed with wealth; burdened with misfortune, or crowned by success, we owe a duty to mankind which, if properly discharged, will add to the pleasurable emotions inseparable from this season.



DUTIES OF PARENTS.

Paternity brings duties which it is a crime to ignore. Children may be instructed in doctrinal points of belief, and may have a superficial coat of piety, but they need the affectionate watchfulness of parents until character is fully formed. But that injudicious affection which constantly indulges every wish of a child, which takes pride in curtailing childhood, and making women of girls, and men of boys, before age, or experience, fits them for the position, is more fatal than the repression that comes from dislike. It is now the fashion for girls, before the innocence of childhood has ripened into the experience of womanhood, to ape the flirtations of young ladies, in years at least, attend balls, receive the attentions of boys who assume the habits of young men, and enter into paths beset by dangers. The mother will allow her child of fifteen to

play the young lady without a thought of the consequences, but would be shocked if the child manifested a disinclination to attend church. The mother exercises no supervision over the literature her child may read, though the country is flooded with the most pernicious kind, but requires constant attendance at Sunday school. Seemingly, to bring a child up in some religious denomination makes unnecessary any precaution to prevent the formation of bad habits, and relieves the fear of evil associations. It is wise to give religious instruction, but, without the much more impressive lesson taught at the fireside, it brings forth but indifferent fruit. The lessons taught in church are, in point of effect, second to those learned from a mother's lips. Home should throw its sacred influences around youth and guard it from evils which appear seductive.

GOOD IN ABSTENTION.

The man who discontinues some expensive and useless habit is benefited whether he does so in response to the promptings of his moral nature, or because decreased income suggests retrenchment. Man is always in danger when he can satisfy every wish. If things come easily to him he loses diligence and his character is weakened. There is always good in abstention whether voluntary or forced.



MOTHERING SUNDAY.

Mothering Sunday, in the times gone by, is said to have been a festival, and the custom to which it was sacred should give perpetuity to the day. Then, it was the practice to pay homage and respect to the old mother at the old home around which clustered the fondest recollections. It must have been a day devoted to feelings more holy and ennobling than Thanksgiving Day brings forth, because in Thanksgiving there is always a feeling of self, which keeps it from being entirely divorced from the bustling, busy, everyday life. Mothering Sunday was solely designed to bring happiness to the mother whose life had been deprived of that fountain of joy, the presence of her children. It offered a guaranty to her that, although the duties of mature life might have put a check upon the affection of her children for her, that affection

still glowed with all the old time warmth.

The adult children turned to the "light of home" on that day, bringing with them some token of love. The mother was the person to whom homage was paid. She was the load-stone who drew the fragments of the family together and made it again "one and indivisible." She was queen of the day—the old mother antiquated in dress, and, perhaps, uninformed in, at least heedless of, modern ideas of etiquette, but still the queen of the day, --assuming those prerogatives which derive their charter from maternal love, and are guided by the promptings of the heart rather than by the grammar of formal etiquette. It would be a splendid thing to revive Mothering Sunday. It would be a delight to the mother and a blessing to the child who needs often to recur to the simplicity and unselfish affection of the old time when love taught him duty.

THE VIOLIN.

There is something in the music of a violin, when touched by a master hand, beyond the power of description. It is more than melody. It has the fervent feeling of spiritual emotion and the deep pathos of human feeling. It is the unsyllabled language of the soul,--a vibrant beauty whose touch is exalting. No other instrument has the sympathetic fervor, the capacity for sounding the most profound depths of the human heart, awakening its most delicate susceptibilities. It is a fountain of delicious sounds, playing with the abandon of inexhaustible resource.



PICTURE FROM NATURE.

The tufa in the vicinity of the Yellowstone geysers forms a dust which is quite penetrating, the sun's rays are reflected from the white rocks and exposed portions of the body suffer, and one is apt to get his feet wet without being aware of it because of the tepid character of the water. One leaves these basins with singular feelings. Here in close proximity are the eternal snows and the fires which quench not. The streams come down the hills cool with the icy breath of the mountains and mingle with the heated waters which seem to be the fevered sweat of a demon in agony. The sun beats down pitilessly on the sojourner in the valley, but the wanderer on the hill feels the breath of the Ice King. It is a land of contradictions, wonders and hardships. No wonder the Indian who has his faith quickened by seeing the flashings of the

Northern Lights should view the place as the threshold of Hell. Science takes no cognizance of the supernatural, but the child of "untutored mind" readily refers the inexplicable to one of the Manitous, and here is a manifestation of power which fills him with dread, and he flies from the wrath which seems to threaten him. Poor savage! the hills no longer afford you refuge, and soon your race must seek an asylum in the bosom of that God whom you worship here in visible signs. You are doomed. The log cabin of the white man is planted in the shadows of the frowning mountains of Montana and his herds graze in the valleys where the Buffaloes once cropped the sear grass. There is no place too bleak, too forbidding, too far removed from everything which gives life value, for the man who is willing to make Montana his home. He might make his home on the sterile lava beds and find improvement in the change. In set-

tling in Montana he has reached the acme of dreariness, cheerlessness, and hardship. Death can have no terrors for him as it brings release, and the future can have nothing in store from which a soul can shrink.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

There is no higher force than love. It has inspired the lovers of humanity in all ages and countries. The love of country has caused the patriot to leave his blood-stained footprints on the sands and snows of a thousand fields. The love of home and family causes the hard hands of the toiler to struggle for the necessities of life. The love of humanity produced the sacrifices of the Howards. The love of truth sustained the constancy of the martyrs of science and liberty, and causes the privations and sacrifices of the explorer who faces death amid arctic snows and cold and ice. Yes, all the tears that have been shed, all the prayers that have been offered, all the kisses given by the rosy lips of health to the ashen face of death, all the fond hopes expressed amid clouds and mists, have sprung from the great fountain of human affection, love.

A COUNTRY BOY'S SUNDAY.

There is a genuine pleasure in that day-dream which brings up visions of green woods, the cool stream, the joyous crowd of boys with no remembrance of the past, with no thought of the future, nothing to mar the pleasures of the present. There is glory in realized ambition; there is satisfaction in amassed wealth; there is gratified vanity in becoming famous, but for real unadulterated pleasure, the honest, simple hearted, country boy's Sunday, untrammelled by conventionality, has in it a degree of pleasure which wealth and honor cannot give.



AN OLD MISSION.

There is an old mission a few miles from San Diego, away among the mountains. Myself and a friend set out for this historic spot, while others were busying themselves with things more modern and more interesting from the tourist's standpoint. The school has one hundred nine pupils, all Indian children. Nothing is taught but English, though Spanish is the language of the playground. The devotion of the children to the sisters in charge is one of the finest examples of the power of moral force I ever witnessed. There never was a time when I did not respect the noble women who have given their lives to charitable and benevolent work, but never did their self-devotion appear more grand than in this isolated mountain valley amid the ruins of early effort, working in the interest of a race having nothing to give in return, and whose extinction is

anticipated with pleasure by those who shape the sentiment which governs the age. The young Indians who attend the school are civilized in the best sense of the term.

The sisters are well educated and their conversation has the charm of naturalness which seems in keeping with their natural surroundings. They stood with us among the ruins of the old mission until the stars came out, and the frowning hills seemed to shut in the valley from the outside world. One of them slipped away, and soon the children were singing an old Spanish hymn. It was inexpressibly sweet, and as the notes were echoed from the mountains, it seemed as if unseen spirits were joining in the melody. If there is religion worthy of the name, it nowhere finds better expression than among those grand old hills amid which those Spanish priests worked most faithfully for the Master. Nor can better exponents be found than those sisters

whose good work has in it no element of selfishness and no hope of earthly reward, and who care not whether the world knows the good they are doing except in so far as knowledge of it may aid in enlarging the measure of its beneficence.



THE CHILD BEAUTIFUL.

A child is beautiful; beautiful for its innocence and confiding trust in the good intentions of all with whom it comes in contact. The parent, the school, the church can have no higher mission than to guard the beautiful child from the evils the years may bring. The bloom on the cheek will fade. Trouble will trace its indelible lines on the face, but the unstained character will look out through the clear eye with all the loveliness of younger days.

The growing years of children make renewed demands on our care. Now is the time to inculcate habits which will be a safeguard against the attacks of vice. Do not seek to make children men and women by allowing them to indulge in amusements suited to adult age. Many amusements proper for grown persons are vices for children. Let them not

be taught to look for pleasure in excitement. The child who lives in an excitable atmosphere is taking poison into his moral system. The little girl who takes part in kissing games or anything of that nature, is applying the ax to the root of her virtue, the boy grows up to sneer at propriety in the intercourse of ladies and gentlemen.

There is no better safeguard than reading, and that, at home; look to the child who never turns to a book with pleasure. That child will seek amusements in places where character is blasted, and the seeds of immorality are sown. Guard your child by giving him good habits as a talisman against vice. When the seeds of vice are sown early, they are not easily eradicated; and when the flower of virtue receives early attention, it is not readily blighted.



UNSELFISHNESS OF GIRLS.

The boy as a rule is selfish, petted, spoiled. The girl receives no attention. She is not expected to make her mark in the world. But if parents would only make an inventory of the kind acts of their children, they would find the girls so pre-eminently in advance of the boys that it would be a question whether the latter were worth raising. It is because the girls are not raised in an atmosphere of adulation that they vend their energies in personal effort to rise, and succeed, while the boys, who are promised a career, await its coming without effort on their part.



THE FROST KING.

Last week was a return of the old-fashioned winter when time was young in this land. The snow came down fast and furious, but remained where it fell, and the country roads were smooth, glassy and level, a delight to the traveler. There is between Meeme and Schleswig, Manitowoc county, Wisconsin, a forest, the most extensive in the county, the surface broken with deep ravines and rugged hills. A good road runs through this wood and a ride over it, on Wednesday last, were worth ten years of humdrum life. At a distance, it looked like an immense orchard in blossom, and one could almost fancy the winds were laden with the fragrance of May. Every twig was wreathed with garlands of filmy snow, with a delicate bordering of embroidery gathered from the humid atmosphere by the fairy touch of the Frost King. The evergreens

drooped beneath their loads, forming beautiful canopies, fitting bowers for some fair Titania. There was a suggestion of peace in the whole scene, of purity, and an expression of beauty now seldom encountered since "the flowers of the forest" are "a wede away."



MUSIC THAT IS ETERNAL.

There is no person who is not, to some degree, a lover of music, and, in all stages of civilization, musical instruments, of some kind, have soothed troubled feelings, or aroused passions. But it is a singular fact, that those melodies which become most popular have in them something that touches the deeper emotions. A humorous song is short lived. It may amuse but it leaves none of that indescribable thrill that may properly be called the ecstasy of the soul. A song must have "soul" to be immortal. The plaintive airs of the negroes, as touching in their sadness as they are beautiful in their simplicity, will last as long as melody has the power to please. The words may be, indeed generally are, a meaningless jumble, but the music is of such exquisite beauty, so clearly a product of the heart, that it has the power of touching that organ and making an impres-

sion, which, like the memory of the dead, is sweet from its sadness. Men, instinctively, reverence those airs whose inspiration is from the depth of the soul. Vicious men, and those merry in their cups will sing humorous songs, but never one of the character under discussion. It would seem sacrilegious, a wanton effort to injure feelings peculiarly sensitive to impropriety.

The Irish are a people, though of a mercurial nature, subject to fits of despondency. Their airs are the language of the soul and are impregnated with melancholy. There are none sweeter, none more lasting. Scotch airs have also a suggestion of tears in them and gain immensely by the touch of sorrow. A patriotic song may stir, a lively one may amuse, but there is none that will sink so deeply in the heart as that which is born in sadness.

THE HIGHEST PLEASURE.

If Heaven ever touches Earth it is when mortal man finds pleasure in bringing happiness to others; when the spirit of charity is abroad casting out the demon of Selfishness from the hearts of men.



AUTUMN.

There is something in the approach of autumn, the border land of summer, that is depressing, just as if the shadow of death were brooding over the future. There are dark clouds in the sky which cut off the sunshine; there is gloom in the heart which darkens hope and makes life "scarcely worth living." The wind has a mournful cadence, and the trees sway as if the motion were a sigh of sorrow. Everything seems to harmonize with the prevailing spirit of sadness, and animate nature moans forth a dirge. Dew drops seem like tears, and the evening breeze is a sigh. The moon itself seems to wear a garb of grief and flits among the clouds, a tear-stained Diana. It is a season for men to grow mad, for anguish to gnaw at the heart, and for melancholy to usurp the throne of reason. The retina only receives dark impressions, the tym-

panum transmits none but doleful sounds. One is feasted on dismal thoughts on every hand until it becomes a regular symposium of sorrow. Those imps, the Blues, that feed one on dejection, are in their heyday, implacable as a Nemesis, persistent as a Devil. They revel in gloom and drag one down to the Slough of Despond. Work is performed mechanically, and what in its nature is amusement, is now a bore. One "sucks melancholy from a song as a weasel sucks eggs," and longs for night that he may seek forgetfulness in sleep—the twin-sister of Death. A miserable world this, when the year is falling "into the sear and yellow leaf"; and there is a lingering wish that the shadows which come from the West would bring that icy breath that gives forgetfulness and rest.



THE MANLY BOY.

Just as one predominant trait is an index of character, so the upbuilding of character in a school, is evidence of the excellent training that is given. Tom Brown's manly boyhood, full of faults, though not grievous ones, the result of an excess of animal life and impulsiveness, is a field for the imagination of the youthful reader. It is the growth of healthy sentiment in a boy, this strengthening of the moral fibre amid perplexities and under conditions which might lead to ruin, that gives inspiration and arouses feelings of hopefulness. Tom Brown at Oxford is a living personage because of the human sympathy which gives life to the story. No boy is good at all times. Tom Brown teaches that a boy may be good and still be a boy of many faults.

MOTHER.

There is no injunction which appeals more strongly to man's affection than that which reads "Honor thy father and thy mother." When a man thinks of what his mother has endured for him, the affection she has lavished on him, the sacrifices she has made for him, the faith she has in him, he must be worse than a brute if the warm current of his love does not center in her, no matter what her faults.



FOUNTAIN OF PIETY.

The heart which is surcharged with charity to all is the fountain of true piety, and raises man to the uplands of practical religion. Prayer is but the expression of thoughts which fill the soul, and deeds not words are its proper exponents. Jesus, the son of Man, is a light to the skeptic no less than Jesus, the son of God, is the hope of the Christian who relies for salvation on the blood which was shed for man's redemption. Lofty church spires may not invoke piety in one whose heart will melt in ready sympathy in the presence of suffering. Christ ate with Publicans and Pharisees; modern Christians persecute opposite sects: Christ wept over the dead Lazarus; Puritans enjoyed the suffering of tortured witches, but that "peace on earth," which was heralded by Christ's coming, is daily gaining strength and tolerance; charity and good will are extending their sway over humanity.

POSSIBILITIES OF MAN.

Nothing stands isolated and cut away from all the activities and influences of external agencies, and yet remains sufficient in itself to accomplish a worthy end. The ocean steamship lying at the wharf, cold and motionless, has, within it, great possibilities, but not until the expansive power of steam, itself again dependent on the active agency of heat, quickens latent energies into life, and the throbbing engine sends the great wheels on their tireless rounds, does the mighty craft show its power. The acorn, hid in the darkness of the earth, covered with a carpet of virgin whiteness, has, within itself, possibilities that would make a forest giant to live through, and laugh at, the storms of centuries, but not until the potent influence of the sun causes nature's tears to kiss the warmed earth, can the future king of the sylvan grove be wooed from the bosom of nature.

As it is in the physical world, so it is in the realm of spiritual existence. The child, lying unconscious in its cradle, has, in it, possibilities that may "stir the laughter or the rage of millions;" but not until the deft hand of nature, and the gentle influence of the living instructor, come to the rescue, are the latent powers aroused into living, expanding thought, searching for laws governing matter, intellect, and morality. But matter unfolds, ripens, sheds its fruit, and then dies, bequeathing the same elements, with their possibilities neither impaired nor increased, to the succeeding generation of plant and rock; while in the region of mind the blossom is ever more beautiful and fragrant, the fruit richer and more palatable, the whole inheritance greater in mass and in intrinsic value, making the spiritual possibilities of man seem well nigh infinite in their range and power.

Why, then, should we not avail ourselves of

all that is possible of the best thought, the sublimest emotion, and the clearest reasoning to be found on the social and ethical problems that confront human life? Man alone is to blame if "history with all her volume vast has but one page." Yet the words of the poet are delusive, for man is ever capable of prying deeper into the mysteries of nature, and if he is faithful in his activities he will be rewarded with solvents for the complex problems of life.



THE GENIAL GERMANS.

No one can appreciate the sturdy character of the Germans, their liberality, good fellowship, and freedom from bigotry, unless he mingles with them. No man, no matter what his nationality or his creed, can ever say that, socially or politically, he suffered at the hands of Germans because of his nationality or creed. But, to one on the outside, the appeals of the demagogues to the dominant race in this country naturally cause a prejudice which is wholly undeserved so far as the Germans are concerned. Their societies are wholly different from those of other nationalities. Nationality is no bar to admission. In all social relations there is an inborn courtesy which prevents any reflection on any nationality. The "outsider" who mingles with them is not made to feel that he is a trespasser. He is received openly and cordially, and if he

does not feel at home it is his fault. These things are not known to those who do not mingle with the Germans. They are not susceptible of flattery, nor supersensitive to criticism, but the demagogues think they are, and employ the one, and avoid the other, not for the good of the Germans, but with the mistaken notion that their favor may be thereby won. The best way to win the respect of any nationality is to be independent and manly, never withholding criticism when the occasion demands it, and never indulging in obsequious adulation.



THE INDUSTRIOUS STUDENT.

The industrious student rarely has occasion to complain of the hours spent in study. He has educated himself into the habit of giving attention to the matter in hand, and his powers are concentrated on the task. The complaint of over-study comes from the student who wastes time in permitting other subjects to share his attention while engaged in the performance of duty, and, dallying with a task, cultivates irresolution by his methods of work. The worry incident to a conscious lack of preparation, the time spent in listless endeavor, the mental disquietude induced by patchwork effort, and the bodily sympathy with mental inertia, are indeed symptoms of overwork. The writer has known parents to attribute every little sign of lassitude in their daughters to over-study, when the real cause was lack of thought, and need of work.

Physicians cloak their ignorance, and flatter parents by their promptitude in discovering the source of difficulties in the severe exactions of the school, when in a majority of cases the prescription which would bring relief would be to advise the student to work more earnestly and dawdle less.



WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

A woman clings to life not because her fear of death is stronger than that of man, but because she is more affectionate, truer to duty, and less beset by despair. Man's best qualities are revealed by the very activities in which he is engaged, but the depth of a woman's purpose, her strength of feeling, and capability for sacrifice, are never revealed until some emergency calls them out. There is much that is noble and good hid behind frivolities which belie woman's nature, and frivolity is readily discarded when a demand is made on those womanly qualities, which are much more common than we suppose. A woman's friendship is not easily won, but when it is, its roots find a place in her soul. With capacity for suffering, she has acquired the strength to bear it more uncomplainingly than man.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

The heart that does not throb with a quickened impulse on Thanksgiving Day, must long have beat time to sorrow's measure. It is purely a secular holiday, borrowing no feature of solemnity from "fears of what is to be." It may not "knit new friendship," but it thaws the frost of selfishness from the heart, and quickens sluggish life with the instinct of good will. It crystallizes prayer into good acts, happy thoughts, and generous promptings. The busy, bustling world is shut out from the family group; a truce is called, and the soldier in the battle of life, everywhere, enjoys the brief respite.

Why should not this pleasurable feature be an element of all holidays? At what higher purpose can religion aim than to bring joy to the heart of a child, rest to the troubled soul of the anxious parent, and to all, that elevated

sentiment of kindly feeling, regard and charity, which always attends pleasant companionship? The prayer which agony wrings, which fear inspires, or selfishness dictates, may have an intensity of earnestness, but it does not gladden the heart. Make man happy, and his life is a pæan of praise. And what is the source of happiness? Judicious enjoyment of the things that are. Oh, sad-eyed parent! look at the merry group which surrounds you to-day, and ask yourself if you have not found a surer way to the confidence and hearts of your children than through gloomy, lifeless precepts, with which you have clogged their minds, shutting out the genial warmth of parental solicitude, and establishing a censorship where should be loving guidance. Man of the world, when acting the devotee of that exaggerated fashion of giving large donations to ostentatious charities, have you, at such times, felt that expansion of soul which you now experience in be-

ing one of a group which numbers no sad hearts? And conscientious church-goer, has the clergyman as, in studied phrase, he addressed the throne of the Most High, inspired you with that feeling of "goodwill to men," that has taken possession of you while you aid in passing around the well-filled plates. The ear that has never been attuned to any but doleful sounds, the eye that has never looked upon any but gloomy pictures, the lips that have never syllabled any but sorrowful words, have naught to do with the melody, the sunshine, and the sweet communion of this world. Their hosannas are choked with sobs; their hearts are fountains of bitterness.



SPRINGTIME.

There is something in the vigorous march of springtime, sweeping over the meadows in luxuriant depths of living green, flinging out the banner of fragrant blossoms from fruit trees to kiss the wooing breeze, which recalls the springtime of life, when the spirit was buoyant, hope strong, and the future covered with the sheen of bright promise. "The tender grace of a day that is gone" may be brought back by an aimless ramble through the country one of these bright days. Nature is never more amiable. She woos you with profusion of flowers, and a melody as rich and dulcet as it is varied; the air is sweet with the fragrance of buds and blossoms, and the woods, in the fragile beauty of the tender leaves are as lovely as a tinted transparency. The bobolink at this season, a trill of joyous song in flight, is everywhere; the robin's note is never

still; the catbird's voice is heard at intervals, and the blackbird's whistle sounds sweet in this symposium of song. Go out for a ramble and come back happy with having tasted some of the sweets of life, more worthy of search than the things of ambition.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The public school by performing its legitimate work properly, develops character, and, by strengthening good purpose, and teaching recognition and performance of duty, gives a moral tone to character which cannot be imparted by dabbling in precepts. The trouble with our clergy generally is that they do not understand child nature. The child is incapable of reasoning, and never directs his conduct by the religious teaching he receives. He is guided largely by direction of others until habit comes in as second nature to give trend to his actions. The true teacher sees that the child does promptly and in an orderly manner what it is proper he should do. The discipline of the school teaches him that a certain amount of self-denial on his part is made obligatory for the good of the little community in which he lives for a certain

number of hours each day. His moral nature is strengthened by doing those things which constitute the basis of moral principle. Action is always antecedent to the formulation of the principle which is but an expression of what has been done. The public school teaches the thing by practicing it, both in its moral and intellectual features--one fortifying the other and making it complementary.



SANITY OF WORK.

We hear much of the evils of overwork, and "breaking down" is often mistakenly attributed to severe mental or manual labor. Nervous excitability and anxiety, when accompaniments of labor, weaken the body and affect the mind. It is proper to distinguish these from labor, and to avoid their debilitating influence, but it is not wise to suggest cessation of work. The body inured to labor, and the mind accustomed to discipline, can best cast off the evils which beset them. Thought may bring weariness, and bodily labor exhaustion, but these are natural conditions, and nature provides a cure. It is when thought runs in forbidden channels; when imagination occupies itself with unwholesome pictures; when desires run to excess, that the weakness ensues which permanently impairs bodily and mental vigor. Those who fancy they suffer from overwork receive

more injury from the character of the rest they take than from the labor they perform. The avenues through which weakness reaches the mind, are the emotions. These are quite active in young people, and their abuse invariably results in that unhealthy mental condition which vanity ascribes to a worthier cause. Can healthy exercise of body and mind be carried to extremes? Rarely; because strength to withstand comes with increase of exercise. Good plain food is seldom, very, very seldom, indulged in to excess. The depraved appetite always longs for that which injures, and grows in weakness with increase in desire. As it is with exercise, so it is with mental activity, and when overwork is complained of, it is wiser to correct the perversion than to discontinue labor. Very few people are injured from this cause which is described as if it were a national epidemic. Many suffer from want of wholesome employment.

A HAPPY PHILOSOPHY.

To the old, the new life which they are nearing, brighten it, as you may, with the effulgence of divinity, is a place of exile, the paths to which, are beaten by the tottering steps of fear. Regrets for vanished youth cloud the vision of future bliss, and gratitude gives place to reminiscences sad as "the memory of buried love". As the years creep on they bring pleasure and pain. The one lights the eye but transiently, while the other leaves scars that time fails to heal. * * *

From the gospel of love and friendship and quiet content, the true philosophy of life is preached. There is much gained if, even for one brief day, we snatch respite from care, anxiety, and toil. The Sybarite is not a whit more wasteful of life than the Anchorite, and the revel, which marks many a festal board, is far more conducive to that correct living and

to that charity which “thinketh no evil” than is that solemnity of visage and bitterness of heart that comes from religious contemplation of the world’s wickedness and one’s individual trials. If the present offers pleasures, let not their enjoyment be marred by painful memories of the past, nor by fruitless concern for the future. Let gratitude be uttered by the voice of mirth, and prayer be syllabled by the lips of joy.



SLANG.

The persistent use of slang is an evidence in most cases of mental inertness. When it is the fashion to use a saying only expressive because of its novelty, a great many yield to it as they do to fashion in clothes, while refusing to express approval. But such persons tire of the silly utterances and return to rational words to express the ideas for which the slang was a stereotyped form. The slang expression may be used with effect by one who rarely uses it in conversation or public speech, but one cannot help deplored the tendency toward slang. The fact is our young people are getting to use a sort of gypsy dialect, and have sentences ready framed to express a thought, without the necessity of thinking. Conversation has no charms for the reason that there is nothing new in it, simply a rearrangement of the patent sentences prepared

in the slang factory. And yet society would be shocked with an oath, something less censurable than the addiction to slang, because it does not, in conversation, serve as a subject for thought. The words "chestnut" and "chestnut-bell" in their brief run were a greater aggravation than all of the profanity since swearing was invented. The person who uses slang habitually should be made to wear the cap and bells.



WINNING AN EMPIRE.

The Texas Rangers won an empire by their prowess, and offered the fruits of their victory to the country in which their cradles were rocked. Strange fatuity of statesmanship! the offer was reluctantly accepted, and barely escaped rejection. When one travels over this magnificent state today, an empire in extent and achievement, with a future so full of promise, that present prosperity merely serves as an index of what is to be, he cannot help thinking that the United States came nigh "throwing away a pearl richer than all his tribe." It is glorious history which has descended to us, by reason of this acquisition, the struggles of the early pioneers; the war of independence not less glorious than our own; the Alamo, well named "the Thermopylæ of America," the missions whose battered walls speak of the past when war was the handmaid of religion, and

whose dark rooms bear testimony to the somber character of the religion of the early day. Texas has been misunderstood by the people of the North. It has within its confines everything essential to a nation's well-being. Its people are not typical Southerners, as they have a dash of Western breeziness which gives piquancy to the chivalrous courtesy of the South.



GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY.

All the lake cities are beautiful. Nature was in a pleasant mood when she blended grandeur with quiet beauty along the shores of these great inland seas. The islands which break the broad expanse of water in northern Lake Michigan, are a feast to the eye with their dark wooded slopes. They seem to absorb the sunshine in their languorous depths, and invite the mind to dreamy drowsiness. But the waters are treacherous as the scattered wrecks testify. There is no captain who does not breathe a sigh of relief when the labyrinth channel through reefs and shoals is passed on the way out from Escanaba, Michigan, and the undisturbed swell of the great lake is felt.



HOME IS WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The shop girl's training and her constant surroundings are not such as to elevate her ideal of life, and she is doomed, at best, to a miserable existence while unmarried. When she becomes mistress of her own house, she is a stranger to its duties, and her tastes unfit her to make home pleasant or cheerful. The girls who work as domestic servants receive, as a rule, wages fully up to their demands, and the training they receive is an excellent preparation for the home in which they, themselves, are to govern in the future. They are laboring in woman's proper sphere; a field that their whole antecedent education should prepare them to improve and beautify by their intellectual acquirements as well as by their discipline in the household. Much of the misery now prevalent among women has been incurred by their seeking to fill the positions of men, and

those who preach equality for both sexes in all fields of labor are the authors of the mischief that has been done. Housekeeping is a high art. It will never be unsurped by men. It will always remain woman's field. How then can it be properly cultivated in all homes, if the heresy that woman should be allowed to compete with man in all work is to prevail? This pernicious philosophy has been advocated by women whose hopes for a reign in a domestic circle were blasted, and the acerbity of whose tempers has given a wrong direction to their aspirations.



FUNCTION OF EDUCATION.

The long recognized function of education is to give to man control of his inner forces, to make him cognizant of the laws of the material and spiritual world, and to render him able to comprehend and apply them for his own liberal advancement. A properly educated person is not a child viewing certain facts and occurrences as aberrations of Nature. On the contrary, he learns to reduce all events to a few higher denominations called the laws of the universe, while he looks with wonder and admiration upon the laws themselves, his soul swelling with emotion and longing for a glimpse at the unexplainable power that produces order where the ignorant mind sees only chaos.



LOYALTY TO HOME.

The city would have been piloted to its grave if the crew had not mutinied and refused to follow the course and thus saved the ship. The trouble was, a part of the crew rushed too fast, carried too much sail when they should have reefed, recklessly plunging along, heedless of the rocks and breakers, which it was liable to meet on its course, and the result has been, what was to be expected, that it met injury, but one which is not beyond repair. It has now gone into dry dock; the carpenters and calkers are gathering up material and in a short time it will be afloat again and ready to continue its course with renewed vigor, and with more experience, secured by the late disaster, and with a better prospect of future success.

The old ship may not be as large in dimensions, nor as grand in luxuries furnished, as some others are, but it has a beautiful model,

is substantially built, and in it I will chance my life and all, to the end of my days. The anchor, the symbol of hope, is still at its bow, so let us not despair.



VIEW FROM MT. WASHBURN.

We ascended Mt. Washburn with horses, until they became an encumbrance, and then myself and a clergyman pushed ahead on foot. Here were immense snow drifts, and above them in clear patches, bloomed the flowers. It was a singular companionship. On little shelves could be seen where animals had rested and everywhere were evidences of the inhabitancy of the Rocky Mountain sheep. One's head swims before the summit is reached, and well it might, because this peak is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The top is flat, the gale piercing, the flowers many and beautiful, though the frosts are still there and what a beautiful panorama is spread before you! Clear around in an unbroken circle sweep the mountain peaks, their banks of snow glistening in the sunlight. What were somber pine forests when you rode through them are mellowed into a

beautiful dark green, the inequalities being wholly hidden from the eye. The blue waters of Yellowstone Lake rise into view and the patches of meadows look like well kept farms. The whole park is beneath you cinctured by a chaplet of snow. It is a fascinating sight and one not quickly forgotten and repays one fully for the weariness of the ascent.



FALLS OF MINNEHAHA,

Minnehaha Falls are not high, nor is there a great volume of water tumbling over them, but they have a quiet beauty which charms one. The brook--it is not much else,--sings, through its whole course below the Falls until it is swallowed up by the river to which it is a tributary, a restful melody. The current is swift, but the stream never brawls. The rocky valley through which it plows is in perfect harmony with the rippling stream whose murmurs are gladsome sounds. The hills have no rugged features; they are softened with foliage and the whole place is pregnant with calm beauty and restfulness. Those laughing waters and their surroundings will bring to any one, once a country lad, the most pleasing recollections of woodland streams and forest paths. I never visited a place more conducive to restfulness, pleasing recollections, or complete banishment

of worldliness. There is nothing approaching sublimity. Everything takes quiet possession of the heart in a gentle way, and one is inextricably in love without having felt the approach of this Nature Cupid.



THE MATERIALISTIC AGE.

Our own age seems to have its powerful determining characteristics. It may be called the materialistic age. A scramble to gain wealth and distinction among the perishable products of man's labor, seems to be assuming the proportion of a national trait. Selfishness rules the human breast; and desire for gain too often makes people oblivious to their higher interests. Avaricious desire not only rules the individual, but its baleful influence creeps into every branch and fibre of the social organization. Every element of physical and intellectual power is now made subservient to man's passion for gain, and turned into a producing agent at the earliest possible day. The learned professions are now entered by the merest novices in learning. Persons who scarcely know the functions of government, or the elementary facts of history, are classed as lawyers;

persons without a smattering of general scientific education, are called physicians; persons to whom mental science is a mystery, and the simplest principles of pedagogy vague or meaningless, are called teachers; persons are often ordained to show the Way and the Truth without an acquaintance with society or a disposition to drop the plummet to sound the depths of human passion; and the vast army of children is withdrawn from school at an early age to learn trades, or earn bread at some form of manual labor.



LIFE.

Life is a union of joys and sorrows of passing clouds and flitting sunshine....Its pathway is sometimes beautified by pleasant flowers and again darkened by somber shadows. The mother who bends with loving solicitude over the cradle of her child has a fountain of joy in her maternal affection. But the love-light in her eyes is often quenched in tears and her affection brings forth a fruitage of sorrow. Grief is a parasitic plant which feeds on love, and the smile of to-day is often but a prelude to the tears of tomorrow.



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Bulwer, in his *Varieties of English Life*, devotes a chapter to the refutation of the maxim, "Knowledge is power." The many inventions of the nineteenth century, all useful, many curious, give to the industrious student a power transcending that of the mightiest potentate. The seemingly idle speculations of profound thinkers often crystallize into that which promotes the cause of civilization to a greater degree than does the labors of a generation of statesmen. The closet has done more toward the advancement of the interests of mankind than have legislative halls. Fast upon the splendid results which came from a knowledge of the properties of steam came the inconceivably quick transmission of messages through the agency of electricity. The telephone with its miraculous reproduction of tones makes the wonders of the tele-

graph seem commonplace. The phonograph appears next on the scene, with its seemingly incredible capacity of conserving sounds, to give us almost unbounded faith in the omnipotence of science. A membrane, a grooved cylinder and a stylus are endowed by the intellect of man with a faculty, which, heretofore, has been peculiar to Nature's most perfect organism, and makes the fable of Frankenstein seem a reality. With the wonderful achievements of science before us, Tyndal's labors to discover the principles of life should not be prejudged as the fruitless efforts of an enthusiast. The miracles which science performs today are great enough to win belief in the divinity of man.



VIRTUE IS RESERVED.

Virtue is reserved not obtrusive. Whenever a parade is made virtue is absent. Not that it is lacking in assertion, but that it has modesty as its chief characteristic. There is no man living who is wholly pure, there are some women, but they are not given to advertising the fact by condemning those who have fallen. Virtue is more compassionate and charitable than vengeful and relentless. Ostentatious virtue is hardly superior to unobtrusive vice.



MIDSUMMER.

There is rare beauty in the woods in midsummer which no one can fully appreciate but he whose memory is a storehouse of pleasant recollections gathered in that early period when "life was love." The patches of sky seen through the rents in the green curtain of nature's weaving, flecked with shreds of fleeting clouds, bring to mind the heaven of childhood which needed not doctrine or philosophy for its revelation. The winds seem to have a softness and fragrance which lull the spirit to rest and thus blot out the harshness of life. Rest, now, has no feature of languor and the vigorous, happy life with which one is surrounded is inspiring. There is no prescription that can match the woods for efficacy.



THE BELLE AND FOP.

There are many women whose natures, from birth to maturity, systematically eliminate every germ of womanly worth, who are moulded into creatures of fashion, fit companions for man who loves beauty without a soul, and are "ordained to flutter and to shine and cheer the weary passenger with music." But this is training and not a development of inherent traits. They are distorted women, a growth of false ideas, a misconception of beauty; flowers made neutral to please the eye at the expense of their worth.

Man born to wealth, or reared with the same disregard for future usefulness that characterizes the training girls receive, is as worthless a member of society; of as little consequence in this progressive world, as the gay belle who has no thoughts beyond personal adornment and fashionable enjoyment. Every

thoughtless, giddy girl, can be matched by a
brainless, worthless fop. While her virtues
are negative, his vices are positive. Women
need have no fear to institute comparisons be-
tween the showy members of both sexes.



THE BOOK OF NATURE.

How sad to think of a man living three score years and ten, never for one moment considering a simple law governing the world! This in a country that pretends to give people an education. But once open the book of Nature and what an endless source of enjoyment is exposed to the intellectual view. The world would no longer be looked upon as a finished product; the vulgar conception of the few years of its existence would expand into untold millions, and the apparently finished beings would be seen to be the work of hidden forces operating through endless ages that have lapsed.

The study of Nature not only gives enjoyment but furnishes food for thought which never need be dug from a stagnant pool. This is an age of science, and the application of it, and consequently its study should be made a part of the training of every child.

PATHOS IN SONG.

There is no place where song appeals to the heart and stirs it in sympathy with infinite tenderness, of which song is the language, that the Suwanee River is not known through the matchless melody which bears that name. The pathos of this song exceeds that of Home Sweet Home while the burden of its sorrow is sweeter in its simplicity and more earnest in its tender longings. It is despair, finding voice in the universal language which reaches consciousness through the heart, which speaks with the fervor of instinct.



DICKENS AND CARLYLE.

One cannot read a sketch of the lives of Thomas Carlyle or Charles Dickens without a feeling of indignation at the abuse which their wives received.--Dickens's was deliberate cruelty, driving out from his heart the woman he had promised to cherish and making her life a wreck because her intellect did not keep pace with his. When we read some of his beautiful passages on child life and woman's love, knowing how unmanly, realized ambition made him, we cannot help believing that the divine sympathy, which he painted so eloquently, was nothing more than sentiment cast off in the intercourse of practical life. This discarded wife appears in the background and in the eloquence of sorrow, hardship, and suffering takes the coloring out of his beautiful words.

Carlyle was cruel, but unconsciously so. His wife was a superior woman, not equal to

her husband in intellectual force, but vastly so in all the qualities that give beauty to life. But she lived alone. She was not the confidant of her husband, though worthy of being so by virtue of a well cultivated mind and a tender solicitude for which its object was unworthy. She admired rather than loved the intellectual giant with whom her life was linked, and he was more intent in adding to his own literary fame than in contributing to her happiness, and this when she had voluntarily resigned everything for his sake, when every thought was for him, every deed an act of love or kindly ministration. From the fame the man has acquired, we are apt to lose sight of the neglected woman yearning for the society of her husband, and made to feel that a woman's highest duty is to toil for the man she marries. Neither wealth nor fame can compensate for the love of a true, pure woman, and Carlyle in requiring affection, without recognizing or re-

turning it, lays himself justly open to the imputation of cruelty and disregard of man's highest duty. The affection of his wife was worth more to him than the praise of the world, and he would deserve the latter more, had he had more consideration for the woman whose life he made unhappy.



PREPARATION FOR EASE.

The tendency of the age is toward higher education, not for the pleasures incident to intellectual culture nor for that strength of character proceeding from the philosophy which mental acquirements breed. This is because education enlarges opportunities for the acquisition of wealth, enables one to rise above the necessities of manual labor and brings a certain amount of praise which is, at best, nothing but flattery with a gloss of refinement. Every motive, hope, and aspiration has in it something of the earth, earthy; a base of selfishness, a framework of cupidity with an ornamentation of honorable ambition. Law, medicine, and theology, the three great professions, which attract genius, are departments in which that genius glorifies itself, the benefit to mankind, if any accrues, or the fuller exposition of principles, if such is the result, is but an incident

of this pre-occupying purpose. This is the loftiest purpose which animates people in the honorable professions. The fame which learning brings is the incentive "to scorn delight and live laborious days," and not the purely intellectual pleasure of overcoming those difficulties which obstruct the pathway of the mind to the uplands of thought, or that benevolent purpose of giving light that man may be happier.

Of the many young men attending school, how very few realize that the education they are receiving is designed to fit them to be better members of society, to enable them to discharge with more efficiency the duties they owe themselves, and to recognize those complex mutual relations which society imposes. That it is to elevate them in sentiment, and to assist nature by acquired intelligence. The graduate of the high school feels as if the modicum of learning, of which he has become

the possessor, raises him above the level of common humanity and that his destiny is to be carried out in the battlefield of life where mind and not muscle contends. A difference in the means of supplying bodily wants is, to his understanding, the line of demarcation between the aristocracy of intellect and the commonalty of labor. Indigence with uncalloused hands is preferable to plenty without the social distinction of being above manual labor.

With three-fourths of the boys and young men between the ages of four and twenty, looking forward to the presidency, a large percentage of the remainder more modestly ambitious, but working that their "lines may be cast in pleasant places," where are our producers to come from? With the misconception which obtains of the object of scholastic knowledge, are we not educating too much? If the inevitable result of schooling beyond

the rudiments, is to raise a young man above himself and produce a distaste for labor, is not ignorance preferable? It is evident, the fault is not in education. There is no labor which intelligence will not dignify. But it is the purpose for which education is sought; the false aspirations which have their birth in the many dissertations on the "advantages of education," which verify the proverb that a "little learning is a dangerous thing."



A PRIMEVAL FOREST.

Twenty miles east of Antigo, Wisconsin, are primeval forests and a stream aptly named the Evergreen runs through them. This river charmingly combines the babble of the brook with the rush of the mountain stream. The solitude of these heavy forests is rarely disturbed by the human voice, while the rippling waters break upon the silence with soothing and pleasing harmony. In the clear, cool waters of these woodland streams, fed by perpetual springs, the brook trout thrives. He is in charming accord with his surroundings. Rapid as a flash of light, glistening with the beauty with which he is in perpetual contact and game while a throb of life remains, he seems to be Nature's metaphor for a happy union of agility and grace.



THE BAD LANDS.

The Bad Lands lie in the western part of Dakota and the eastern part of Montana. They are now known by the more euphonious name of Pyramid Park, though the first is more appropriate. The hills are a queer formation, rising abruptly from the plains, barren, bleak and stupendous, they give the surrounding country the appearance of being blighted by a curse. They are a mass of clay without life, without vegetation, a corpse of clay with no hope of a future. Their appearance is an explanation of their origin, volcanic eruption; a boiling without an outbreak, as uninviting a piece of work as Nature ever fashioned. Some of the scrubby trees, common to this section, started a sickly growth on the uninviting sides of the hills. But the inhospitable soil did not afford them means of life and they perished. A vigorous tree on the Bad

Lands would be the Marriage of Death and Life. The eastern ridges of the Rocky Mountains are the Bad Land hills on a more stupendous plan. Bare, barren, snow clad and forbidding, they frown on the valleys at their feet. Distance does not soften their rugged features and their sides and summits are devoid of verdure. Their rugged crests cut the blue sky sharply and the snow glistens in the sunlight. But one turns from the view with anything but a feeling of pleasure. The valleys even, are not fertile, and seem a fit complement for the sterile hills. Colonies of prairie dogs sit on their haunches and look unconcernedly at the passing train. Passengers with revolvers and little sense, blaze away at the little animals, but it does not make much difference to them.



A VIGNETTE.

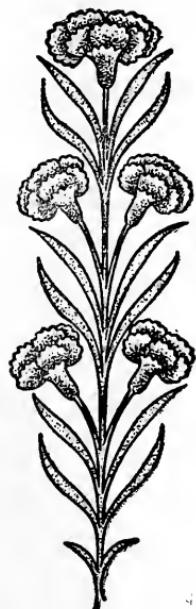
The gilding of the hills by the slowly sinking sun gives the valleys the charm of dreamy repose which is inexpressibly soothing, and wooded slopes seem to grasp the shadows as if they were the mantle of the coming darkness.



GOOD ADVICE.

“Keep your children in at nights.” These were the last words addressed to parents by Henry Ward Beecher. They are wise and timely. The conditions that called them forth exist in all cities. There are parents so indulgent and forgetful as to permit their girls, attending school, to enjoy the company of callow youths who put on airs and perambulate the streets with their “girls” by their sides. Young people ape the virtues and adopt the vices of their elders at too early a date, and it may well be questioned which are more destructive of character. If the vices of drinking, smoking, and social dissipation seem unavoidable they should, if possible, be postponed until the physical organism can better withstand their evil tendencies and until judgment is so clarified that moderation will not interfere with the recuperative forces of nature or

make the person a victim of a slavish habit. Parents should recognize that certain phases of virtue when too easily acquired are not one whit less injurious than a vice, for they too often lead to a vice.



INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT.

No reform was ever instituted, having prejudice for its corner stone. To teach that a man who is successful is to be hated, is to teach that persistent effort, industry and frugality are vices, and that personal ambition is to be discouraged. The work of reform, if it is to be successful, must be prosecuted with the instruments at hand. No community was ever made better by sudden revolution, and no man was ever fired, by manly resolution, to better his circumstances while repining at his lot and giving heed to the teachings that his distress is wholly due to causes outside of himself. When a man rallies his own forces and makes them active in his own behalf, he seldom finds it necessary to demand that the progress of his neighbor be checked so as to preserve equality. He can do more by exercising his own forces than he can by an attempt to hinder others from

acquisition so that in the general distribution of what chance gives, his share may be increased. Improvement in society comes through the improvement of the individual. It is a better cause to warn people against their own faults than it is to influence them against those of others. No man is made better by having his attention constantly called to the harm others are doing.



SELF RESTRAINT.

In avoiding prudery, people should not run to the opposite extreme of license, and young persons cannot afford to defy decency, or dare the condemnation of people of staid habits and approved judgment. The ordinary rules of politeness should be observed at all times, and being one of a large assemblage, in no way justifies that remissness which leads to vulgarity. Society should interpose restraints not incite laxity. To be boisterous at gatherings is to be ungentlemanly; to chatter incessantly is to be undignified and discourteous.



SENTIMENT.

No one wants to stay the hand of progress. But enterprise should sometimes yield to sentiment. The song of the bird is sweeter to the ear than his morsel of flesh is to the palate. Man has a heart as well as a stomach, and the demand of the latter should not forever crush out the longings of the former.



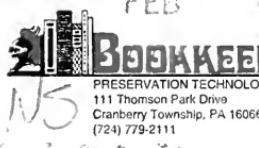
JOHN NAGLE'S PHILOSOPHY

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